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ORIGINAL POETRY.

The following poem, by the celebrated Professor Porson, was communicated to us by a friend, with the permission of Doctor Edward Percival, of Dublin.

THE DEVIL'S THOUGHTS.

FROM his brimstone bed, at break of day,
A walking the Devil was gone,
Just to look at his snug little farm the earth,
And see how his stock went on.

Over the hill and over the dale,
He strutted along the plain,
And backwards and forwards he switch'd
his long tail,
Just as a gentleman switches his cane.

He saw a lawyer killing a viper
On a dunghill beside his stable ;
" Oh ! oh ! (quoth the Devil,) this puts me
in mind
Of the story of Cain and Abel."

He saw an apothecary on a white horse
Ride by on his vocation,
Which put him in mind of his old friend
—Death in the Revelation.

He saw a cottage with a double coach-
house,
A cottage of gentility ;
The sin of all sins which the Devil likes
best,
Is the pride that apes humility.

As he pass'd by the Cold-Bath Fields,
He peep'd into a solitary cell,
And the Devil was pleas'd, for it gave him
a hint
For improving the dungeons of Hell.

He saw a Turnkey in a trice
Fetter a troublesome blade,
" Nimble (quoth the Devil,) do fingers
move
When a man is pleas'd with his trade."

He saw the Turnkey unfetter a man
With but little expedition,
Which put him in mind of the long de-
bates
On the slave-trade abolition.

He popt his head into a rich bookseller's,
Saying, " Sir, we're both of one College,
For I myself like a cormorant once
Sat perch'd on the tree of knowledge."

He saw a pig right rapidly
Adown the river float,
The pig swam well, but every stroke
Was cutting his own throat :

Old Nicholas grinn'd, and switch'd his tail
With joy and admiration,
As he thought on his own child Victory
And his darling babe Taxation.

General Gascoyne's fiery face
He view'd with consternation,
And back to Hell his way he did take,
For the Devil thought, by a slight mistake,
'Twas the general conflagration!

TO PORTIUS.

PORTIUS, farewell, thy love is o'er,
Yet let us part in amity ;
May Heaven its choicest, richest store
Of blessings, Portius, shed on thee.

But know, I too can conquer love,
Can calm the agonizing sigh,
Thy image from my breast remove,
And chide the tear that fills my eye.

SONG.

WHEN first my Sandy talked of love
I was not quite sixteen,
But soon, too soon, his power I felt,
And knew what love did mean.

Yet still whene'er he urg'd his tale,
I blushing turned away,
And strove to hide my secret thoughts,
While Sandy thus would say :

" Ah why, loved girl, this cold reserve,
Which in thy looks I see,
Thou know'st I love thee, then, my fair,
In pity smile on me."

At length his ardent prayers prevail'd,
My hand I did resign ;
Now I am his, let what will come,
And Sandy thou art mine.

A MOTHER TO HER INFANT.

LITTLE Lydia, darling child,
Cherub infant, baby mild,